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A Summer Holiday

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E.A.G.

By E.A.G.



TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING STREET EAST.

1887.



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TO MY DAUGHTER

EDITH,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HER MOTHER.

E. A. G.

February 22nd, 1887.





A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

WE left London, Canada, early in the morning of the 14th of May, and, after a pleasant journey by rail, arrived in New York the same night at ten o'clock. Stopped at Park Avenue Hotel. The next morning being cloudy and rainy, we went about very little; but having been here before, we did not mind much. At twelve o'clock we went on board our steamship *Alaska*. Everyone seemed in a hurry, and the greatest excitement prevailed about the wharf, where hundreds had gathered to give their friends a send-off. A great sale of steamer chairs was being carried on. We had great fun over the chairs Robert bought, they being rocking instead of steamer chairs. We had to tie them up; everything rolled enough, without being made for the purpose.

Having made up my mind to fight against sea-sickness, I determined, if possible, not to give in, although it became rather unpleasant after a few hours. Everyone seemed inclined to leave the deck, sometimes in a very abrupt manner. It really began to roll at five o'clock, and the crowd

of passengers on deck became fewer by degrees. I felt myself that the pleasures of an ocean voyage were rather limited, and Robert's inquiries as to my health were becoming rather aggravating, as he appeared to feel well himself; so I left for my room, and, after struggling a few minutes, changed my mind and determined on being as sick as I could, so I undressed with difficulty and found the berth the most comfortable place. I did not trouble the dinner, and it was very annoying to have Robert come and talk over the bill of fare, and more aggravating still to know how he was enjoying it all and not one bit sea-sick. However, from the sounds all around me, I knew I was not alone.

Next morning I attempted to rise, but found it impossible, so I spent the day in my berth; and such a miserable, dull day! Sea-sickness everywhere! Even Robert came back from breakfast and decided to take the upper berth for the day. After a while we revived so far as to be able to laugh very heartily over it all, and by ten o'clock at night we managed to make away with a large plate of sardine sandwiches and some lemonade.

The third day I rose in the morning and managed, by lying down at intervals, to dress. I even went so far as the breakfast table, and ran back again. I attempted to go to luncheon at noon, and again had to come back; but I began to improve, and spent the days on deck from this time, where most of the three hundred and fifty saloon passengers were laid out, first living on smelling salts and chopped ice, and by

degrees becoming ravenous, until ready to devour anything. The weather continued cold, dull and rainy. One or two nights it cleared about nine, and the moon shone bright and beautiful. Walking on the promenade deck, we would begin to think how delightful a sea voyage is, but by morning everything was very different, rolling and tossing and making one forget moonlight and anything else but their own feelings,—I mean people who are sea-sick. On the evening of the seventh day we sighted the green coast of Ireland, and in the morning, to my joy, land and vessels were all around us. The same afternoon we said good-bye to our steamer, crowded on a tug, and in a few minutes were in the Liverpool harbor and infested with Customs officers for about two hours before being allowed to take our baggage and start for the Lime Street Station, where we took train for Manchester, and arrived in the evening at the Trevelyan Hotel, a dark, gloomy-looking building; indeed, the whole city has a dirty, murky appearance, but as it is a great manufacturing town, it is not generally visited by tourists, and we spent the shortest time possible there. We visited the Horticultural Gardens, which are really beautiful, and a wonderful relief after the smoky city; and it did seem so pleasant to feel well and to be able to walk steady once more. We left for London on May 23rd, and after a glimpse of the pretty, well-kept English farms, we arrived there at 4.30 in the afternoon, and managed to secure a carriage,—not that it was hard to find one, but it was very hard not to get about fifty at once, so clamorous were the

porters. After, I should think, about four miles drive, we reached South Place, Finsbury, where we had secured rooms, and were met by our friend, Mr. L——. This hotel, which is very quiet and comfortable for this bustling place, was full of Quakers, who were holding a convention. They were such sweet-faced women! They wore no gray, as is the usual custom, but plain black silk dresses and deep white collars; some went so far as to wear very long trains, which is a great departure from the original Quaker style.

I dislike English hotels so far; it seems such a nuisance to think of what you want and order it beforehand; the American style is much nicer, with the bill of fare. Mr. L—— and Robert have gone out, and after changing my travelling dress and putting my room to rights, I sat down to write this journal. I never expected to put down everything. Robert says I shall soon give it up; I hope not, I would like to read it over when we are settled in our home again.

Our first morning in London I spent alone, Robert having some business with Mr. L——, so I determined to go to Regent Street and see the shops. They put me on the 'bus. I had been down the evening before, so I knew something of the road. I enjoyed that rattling drive. I always enjoyed driving in London; there is such a world of bustle and noise, and so much to see and interest one; and the way they dodge the passing vehicles is something wonderful to me; I always expected a crash. I alighted at Oxford Circus, keeping my eyes on the objects

around, as I had many warnings not to enquire the way from anyone but a policeman; so I took a good look right and left and started down Regent Street. Such stores for attractiveness! I am sure they could not be surpassed anywhere. Shops and shops, gorgeous dress goods and fancy articles—I felt as if I could never tire; but when dinner time approached I felt tired enough and found my green 'bus. I was to alight at St. Paul's, and I went through all sorts of feelings, thinking that I had taken the wrong one, and was relieved indeed when I caught sight of Robert and Mr. L——. Robert said he could not half attend to his business for fear I should be lost, and made up his mind I should not go alone again. Mr. L—— had to go to his hotel, and as we dined out in the middle of the day, we took dinner at a very nice restaurant near the old Cathedral. After dinner we visited St. Paul's, which is the grandest and most solemn old building; it almost speaks to you from its gray, dark walls. Nelson and Wellington, among others of note, are buried here, and a few very old monuments are preserved in the crypt. Some of the monuments are the most wonderful I have ever seen. The height of dome is four hundred and four feet. We did not go up to the whispering gallery. They were having divine service, which made everything more solemn and impressive. I am so glad I have seen St. Paul's; I shall enjoy thinking of it. We did not come out until tea time, and it seemed so short. The evening we spent at home. The next morning and all day we spent in Westminster Abbey, and such a delightful day! I enjoyed every moment in

the Abbey, from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m.; then we had dinner at one o'clock. Here are the tombs of England's greatest dead. The beautiful cloisters date from the eleventh century. To me the most beautiful is the chapel of Henry VII., where he and his queen are laid; and others of great interest are Edward the Confessor, Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., Richard II., Henry V., Mary, Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, etc. There is the throne which was made for the coronation of Queen Mary and her husband, William of Orange, and noted for its extreme ugliness. We went into the service which was being held. I love to listen to the singing in these old cathedrals, and think of all the kings and queens who once worshipped here, and are now lying so near, many of whom gave up their lives for nothing in the days of bloodshed; and they once sat here and joined in the service as we do in these happier times. One spot in the Abbey interested me so much—the Poets' Corner. Outside as well as inside it looks as though it could tell very wonderful things if the old walls could speak. Upon the same evening we went to the Princess' Theatre, where the "Silver King" was played. My first introduction to the theatre, and I did enjoy it. The scenery was so beautiful and beyond description, but I did not admire the people by whom we were surrounded, where we had the cushioned seats; they were low and vulgar. The play is a good one, very exciting, yet still I would rather be wandering round the Abbey or St. Paul's.

I had been so anxious to visit the Tower, and thought so much about

it, that it did not quite come up to my expectations. The old prisons are very interesting, and the writing on the walls is full of a sad interest, I think. Here, in St. John's Chapel, lie the bodies of those who were beheaded in the Tower yard—nineteen in all—among them Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and Catherine Howard. Outside is the very spot where most of them suffered death. In the armory are sixty thousand rifles. The Crown jewels are here also, and valued at £3,000,000. After spending about four hours here we started for our dinner, and met on the way three London (Canada) friends, who wished us to join them and visit the Fisheries Exhibition in the afternoon. We took the underground railway at 2.30, and through dirt and darkness went to the Fisheries, which I did not take very much interest in. The whole exhibit had to do with fishing. There were two cases of coral and curiosities brought by Mrs. Brassey, and they were interesting to anyone who enjoys her book. Then the band played beautifully in the Gardens, where a great many stylish people from all over the world were promenading, and the gay dresses and music and so many different faces made the Gardens a very enjoyable place until six o'clock, when we all mounted the top of an omnibus and drove home. After having tea I was so tired I could not write, so I threw myself on the sofa and slept until Robert awakened me at eleven, he having been writing letters. I determined to take it easier next day and spend the morning quietly, as I had to be alone, so I decided to plan our continental trip.



We spent one day at Hampton Court Palace, which was built by Cardinal Wolsey and presented by him to Henry VIII. It was then the most sumptuous palace in the kingdom, and it is full of great interest. Most of the rooms contain the old furniture, and paintings of many celebrated court beauties hang on the walls. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens: one pretty spot is Queen Mary's bower, where she used to sit at work; then the pond gardens, where the celebrated old grapevine is still shown; there are many beautiful trees and shaded walks, and everything seemed full of historic interest.

We went also to Windsor Castle, and, after obtaining an order from the Lord Chamberlain, were shown through the state apartments, some of which are very magnificent, especially the ball-room. Many of the rooms are hung with old tapestry, but most of them with delicate shades of satin and gilt wood in the furniture. These apartments seem to be very little used; many of the carpets were rolled up and articles of furniture covered. A very beautiful view of the country around is obtained from the tower. The Castle has a lovely old appearance. The town of Windsor is a queer little place. We walked around until train time. In the evening we went out to Sydenham Palace, where a splendid display of fireworks took place; one, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, was very beautiful. They were witnessed by great crowds of people.

I have been neglecting my journal now, and can never remember everything I have done in our three weeks in London. We have walked miles, I am sure. We heard Mr. Spurgeon, and many others; have been to City Road Chapel; to the Salvation Army; to Madame Taussaud's Wax Works, and, in fact, have been sight-seeing in a wholesale manner, and tiring ourselves. I must not forget the picture galleries—especially the Royal Academy; the British Museum; the rounds of shopping and the stores we visited; the long, long walks, sometimes in the evening, in the East End, where drunkenness and poverty almost make one sick; sometimes in the West End, where gorgeous carriages, handsome houses and evidences of wealth are everywhere seen. Then our drives—hansom cabs (they are so comfortable to ride in)—round the parks and in the beautiful suburbs, and our visits to Rotten Row to watch the aristocracy move along in their grandeur, and the nobility in their carriages or four-in-hands.

I have had a very exciting, happy time, and now I would like some quiet. So we visited Cook's Office, and had our tour all planned, tickets paid for, and nothing to worry us while travelling in a strange country. We started from St. Pancras Station for Dover at eleven in the morning; arrived there in a short time, and had only to step off the cars onto the little steamer. I had hoped to see the cliffs of Dover, but very soon I took my abode in the ladies' cabin, where I was the sole occupant for four hours, not really sick, but giddy and unable to walk about. I tried

to study my French, which I would soon have to practise. Before long we reached Ostend, in Belgium, which is a railway station also. After waiting about an hour, we got on board the train for Brussels, and so far we never enjoyed a journey so much as this one. The trains are so slow and the country flat but so pretty: cute little white houses with red doors and windows, and lovely roses in bloom; small stone stations where for the first time we saw the dog teams (I do pity a Belgian dog), and so many canals. Then the day was so beautiful, and we had the whole compartment to ourselves for the five hours until we arrived in Brussels and drove to the Hotel Belvue, the most beautiful hotel I had ever been in. It was once a royal palace, and everything was so magnificent in the drawing-rooms as to bewilder one. The dining-room with marble floors and glass sides opening out into the courtyard, was full of Americans at *table d'hôte*, most of them very fashionably dressed. That dinner was the longest I ever experienced, the plates being changed twelve times. Almost all the dishes were unknown to me, and their names were still more astonishing. I must say, I don't enjoy *table d'hôte* very much. In the evening the band played beautifully in the courtyard, and the whole place presented a scene of gayety. Next morning we hired a guide and took the museum first, which was not especially interesting; but the Weirtz Picture Gallery is a wonderful place, as the paintings are done by one man, and an insane one, people say. The pictures would certainly give one that idea, so terrible are the most of

them, generally representing the lower regions, hell fires, etc. Some of them are of enormous size, being twelve and fourteen feet long, and horrible to look at; others are of heaven, and all show what a wonderful imagination the man had, and what very strange taste and ideas. I cannot tell how many churches we visited here. I was timid about going in very far, there were such a number of priests, and, worse than that, so many queer little old women counting beads and taking hold of you and begging. I always want to visit the market, so I found out the market day and we started early in the morning, and we were fully repaid, the flowers were so lovely and so cheap, and the berries so large and beautiful; they were selling bunches of large double cream and garnet roses at a penny, and baskets of strawberries at one-half franc (ten cents). Then the vendors were so pleasant, and so clean and bright-looking! Afterwards we went into the Brussels lace manufactory, and Robert was very anxious to buy me some lace, but I would not hear of it. There are many things I like better, and they ask such exorbitant prices. They showed us the pattern of the wedding veil made for the Princess of Austria, which took three hundred women six months to make. The city is very hilly; the stores are small, but contain very costly and beautiful goods. There are many jewelry stores, and the nicest confectionery shops I ever saw, full of all sorts of unknown dishes, for which the French are noted.

On Sunday, after discussing whether or not we should do it, we

determined to drive to the field of Waterloo and spend the day there, and that was a most delightful drive of fifteen miles. Such a beautiful road, with arching trees! Then, towards the end, Napoleon's road. Such a rough, rattling road, and such comical villages and children! Sometimes about a dozen were making wheels of themselves at once for our amusement, and, when a copper was thrown, scrambling and rolling over each other in a most comical way. Before going to the field we took lunch at one of the cute little houses with estaminet over the door, where a most polite and smiling French hostess waited on us. She brought an immense loaf of bread, a cheese, and fresh milk, which is the refreshment provided; but the bread was lovely and fresh, and everything so bright and clean that we enjoyed it more than a dinner. The stout, smiling lady talked to me in French in a very friendly manner, and brought me a very pretty bunch of roses,—I do admire the French, they are such a genial people,—and she had such a happy face, that we felt at home. We first looked through the Museum, where there are many relics of the battle—soldiers' buttons, bullets, swords, guns, skulls, and bones of all kinds—which they claim have been taken from the field. Underneath the Lion Mound lie the remains of the slain, friend and foe together. The mound is very high, reached by a flight of steps, and is surmounted by the figure of a huge lion. We admired the country around; and nothing but green fields and meadows, and pretty groves of trees, mark the scene of the battle. Our guide pretended to know the exact spot where every one stood, and

seemed anxious to impress us with the unfavorable situation of the French compared with the English. After leaving him, we wandered around by ourselves on the pretty country roads, and when we got back to our smiling lady, quite a crowd of children had gathered with flowers, and, of course, wanted money. One little thing was only about two years old. One cannot refuse the little things, but the system of begging taught them is disagreeable. They were not contented with taking money for the flowers, but when we started had to make wheels of themselves; we became disgusted, and took no notice, whereupon they made faces. We had a lovely drive home in the evening, reaching our hotel at 6.30, and after dinner spent a very quiet time in our room, and decided to make no more excursions on Sunday, as it did not seem right to either of us, although we enjoyed it. Next day we visited the National Gallery, Parliament Buildings, shops, parks, etc., and saw thirteen weddings; but, as they are married by the magistrate in the City Hall one day in every week for nothing, this accounts for the weddings. After leaving Brussels, which we enjoyed so much, we took train for Antwerp, and stopped at the Hotel de l'Europe. Our principal visit was to the Cathedral Notre Dame. The streets are so irregular; only one, the Place de la Mer, being very wide. Some very fine buildings are to be seen on it. The Cathedral is a wonderful piece of architecture, which took eighty years to complete. It is famous for its paintings by Rubens, and contains his masterpiece—"The Descent from the Cross." I am not artist enough to enjoy such a painting,

but I noticed what a length of time some would stand and gaze at this picture, and the longer I stood the more real and life-like every figure became. The whole of the Cathedral is very interesting and very grand. By invitation of the proprietor of our hotel, we attended a concert in the evening, a private affair, which was not especially interesting.

After leaving Antwerp we took a long journey to Amsterdam, by way of Rotterdam and La Hague. I shall never forget the frontier of Holland, and the Customs. Such a language! not one single word could we understand, until a French interpreter came along and helped us. We passed through a very flat country, full of sluices, dykes, windmills and marshes, before we reached Amsterdam, which did look so pretty, being lighted by electric lights along the canals. We drove to Hotel Paysbas, where we were glad to find some Americans. After supper we took a walk, and the city looked very pretty. It consists of ninety-five islands, which are joined by six hundred bridges, so that many of the streets have a canal in the centre, with little steamers for street cars, and they were flying to and fro. Then the little arched bridges at every corner, and the bright lights and pretty shops, made our first impression very satisfactory, and we went back feeling we had a great deal of pleasure ahead of us here. We had such pretty rooms—one overlooking the rose garden from a little balcony, and near to a lovely old cathedral, whose chimes always seemed to carry one back hundreds of years. I never heard music that seemed to speak as they did; they rang out every half-hour, and were a

delight to me. We spent most of one day looking around the city, and the canal, which looked so bright and sparkling at night, in day-time presented a muddy appearance; still it is a beautiful city, and such a contrast to any I have ever seen. Outside in the suburbs are beautiful parks and private dwellings, very much like American homes. The Royal Palace here is gorgeous inside, and fitted up so elegantly, but with such a home-like look everywhere that one feels like sitting down and enjoying it, instead of being awed by the grandeur. It contains the largest ball-room in Europe: its walls are faced with white marble, and most handsomely fitted up. The Castle was unoccupied at the time of our visit, which accounts for our seeing so many of the private rooms. Our next three days were spent at the Industrial Exhibition, and it would have taken about three weeks to have seen it properly. Robert, who visited the Centennial, says it would go in one corner of this. I never could describe one department. I admired the French exhibit. Worth's display of dresses was too magnificent to approach description, and the French fancy-work would almost turn one's head. The Netherlands had a splendid exhibit. Their bread, butter, and cheese are their especial pride; and I must not forget their chocolate. We thought they excelled the French in this manufacture. From Austria the exhibit of muslin and white goods was beautiful: ladies white dresses with lovely, costly lace and trimmings. Japan showed, of course, embroidery in silk. Here I bought a pair of banners, and the young Japanese who waited on

us spoke nicely in English, and conversed in five languages. China, Turkey, Russia, Spain, Portugal and many other countries were represented, whose exhibits were too vast even to see, unless we had spent a much longer time; and in the three days spent there I cannot say how much we walked. But such a scene of life and gayety! especially in the evening. There seemed to be something fascinating about the place, and I felt lonely upon leaving it, especially those chimes, which I can never forget.

We determined to start for the Rhine, and our first stopping place was Cologne. Our special object being the Cathedral, we visited it at five o'clock in the evening. It had been a wet day, but cleared off, and the sun streamed through those old, stained windows, and seemed to light the whole place in colors. The corner-stone of this cathedral was laid in 1248. It has been called the St. Peter's of the North, so vast are its dimensions. The choir is one hundred and sixty-one feet high; and its height, size, pillars, arches, and chapels make a perfect panorama. Externally, it strikes one with amazement. In a silver case, inlaid with jewels, they show—upon paying a small fee—the skulls of the three wise men from the East. There seemed to be more case than anything else. Some of our party, being incredulous and inclined to joke about it, rather annoyed the young priest who took such pains to explain everything. No one would believe the amount of walking that has to be done in these churches, and the iron doors all have to be locked and unlocked. Very

often they made me think of a prison, and at first I wondered if the whole party could not easily be kept in the crypt. I got over being timid though, but I disliked the black holes.

Next morning our steamer awaited us, and at ten o'clock we left Cologne for our long looked-for sail down the Rhine. It was a beautiful clear day, and every one seemed prepared to enjoy themselves. We were with a party of five Americans who were going to Switzerland. The little steamer had deck saloon, with windows, and so nicely fitted up. At noon a dinner was prepared in the cabin, but everyone seemed so excited over the scenery that we spent a very short time below. The old castles and the vine-covered hills, the steep rocks and the curves of the beautiful river, and the quaint-looking little towns. When we reached Bingen, I thought of those verses we used to learn at school, and don't wonder the soldier could not forget "Bingen on the Rhine." Anything that could be said seems to come far from describing the scenery. It is the old appearance—everything looked to me solemn, and old, and grand; it quieted in place of exciting me. At six o'clock we arrived in Mayence (Hotel Bellvue), and we had a beautiful view. Our windows overlooked the Rhine, and spanning it, directly in front of us, was a bridge of boats—something I had never seen before. The lights on the steamers; the hills across the river, where every little while a train appeared, made such a lovely picture, and so quiet and peaceful, we enjoyed it very much. At dinner we met an English lady and gentleman, whom I shall not forget.

We were the only English speakers, and soon made friends. They were well acquainted with the place, and having planned an excursion to Wiesbaden for next day, pressed us to join them. She and I spent the evening together—the gentlemen going out—and had a long talk, becoming thoroughly acquainted. How strange it seemed, that in so short a time I got to know her so well. She was a thorough Christian lady, whose home was in England. They were evidently wealthy people, but so plain and so friendly. I learned to think a great deal of *her*.

Our excursion next day proved a real pleasure. Mrs. H—— is one who would make you enjoy everything, and she thinks so much of other people's comfort. We spent the whole day in Wiesbaden—a fashionable watering place, full of style from all parts of the earth, the town made up of hotels, boarding-houses, baths, parks, etc. The seven miles' drive was the pleasant part, through a lovely country. So many Germans eat out of doors. Driving home, we passed many houses where tea was being served on the lawn, with a background of roses. I never did see such roses, and such quantities of them, some houses being half hid.

I have said nothing of Mayence. As far as we could learn, it does not contain one Protestant church, although the population numbers 56,000. Any number of images and shrines on the streets. The fortifications are worth seeing, being very secure, and, I fancy, containing soldiers enough for any emergency. The country around is very pretty and fertile.

Heidelberg.—I had been longing to arrive here and visit the old Castle, one of the most beautiful ruins in Europe; but we felt sorry to leave our newly-made friends, with whom we spent such a pleasant time. This is just a picture of a town—full of shaded walks, roses and hotels, and here grow the finest cherries and strawberries. We are continually going to market. We came across a very old church this morning, when taking a walk; and, what is odd, one-half belongs to Protestants, the other to Roman Catholics, and both services are carried on at once. This afternoon we visited the old Castle; one portion of the Palace was built for Elizabeth, daughter of James I. We first visited with our guide the Heidelberg tun, in the cellar. It is 36 feet long and 24 feet high. We walked all over it. It has been filled twice in its time, and holds 800 hogsheads. The gardens overlooking the valley of the Neckar, and the beautiful hills, are lovely, and some parts of the Castle are still handsomely decorated and give striking glimpses of former grandeur. The old kitchen, with its chimney 65 feet high, where whole oxen were roasted for the banquets in the olden time; the walls are black with smoke. Up and down, through wide and narrow passages, winding stairs, rooms without number; some of the old carving still remained over the doorways. Then the grand promenade overlooking the Neckar, and the romantic scenery around; the niches, arches and windings of this beautiful ruin seem to be endless. We had to go over the whole a second time, and it was evening before we made the descent. The



University here is noted for its number of law students. The hotels are splendid buildings and elegantly fitted up. No end of music in the town; bands play continually. I like this place also for its associations of Luther. We stood in the desk of a plain little church where he once preached, and I gathered a few leaves of ivy which had completely covered the building. Here we met with two ladies and a gentleman from Chicago, and decided to make a party. We were quite a lively five, and after a few mountain strolls we were soon friends, but unhappily they had left out Strasburg, and were going through to Baden-Baden, so that we had our visit to the old Cathedral without our German interpreter. We went straight to the old church, and reached it about eleven o'clock on such a bright morning. I enjoyed the old-fashioned city thoroughly. This wonderful structure was begun 800 years ago. It does not seem so high, but it is 65 feet above St. Paul's and 24 feet higher than the great Pyramid of Egypt. The stone is handsomely cut and carved. The number of images clinging to its walls must be very great, but the most wonderful thing about it is the astronomical clock, about 50 feet high and more than 25 wide. It indicates the hours, half-hours and quarters, and the bells are struck by figures. A boy strikes the quarter, a man the half-hour, and an old man the hour. It tells the phases of the moon and the equation of time. At noon a cock mounted on a pillar crows three times, and a procession of apostles comes out and passes in front of our Saviour. There is also a circle which shows

the motion of the heavenly bodies. A perfect crush at noon surrounded this clock, and the excitement seemed very great. We visited the Lutheran Church, where the bodies of the Duke of Nassau and his daughter are in a perfect state of preservation, after being laid out for five hundred years. The faces are a strange color, but the features are perfect. Part of this church suffered from cannon balls at the time of the siege.

Our next visit was Baden-Baden (Hotel Hollande). We found our friends at the station, and drove to our hotel through what seemed a perfect paradise of rose gardens, views, picturesque cottages and hotels. There is a legend here that the angels, in carrying the garden of Eden to heaven, dropped part of it, and that part is Baden-Baden. And indeed the whole place seemed a fairyland of green valleys, luxuriant vineyards, murmuring brooks, cascades, pretty villas, and a happy, idle people. From the Conversationhaus, on a fine evening, may be seen every variety of costume, and the greatest profusion of languages of all nations, brilliant flowers, gaily-colored balloons and gas flames, and a band of music which in itself is enough to entrance one. In this Conversationhaus, which was once noted for its gambling, now take place the masquerades, balls, etc. It also contains reading and refreshment rooms, music hall—everything that serves for entertainment. The Trinkhalle, or drinking hall, in the early morning is surrounded by a

gay crowd. The bands play at seven, and the whole place seems astir. For retiring early and early rising they are very celebrated.

The Lichtenchal is a beautiful avenue and drive of seven miles; it is altogether the most romantic spot we have ever seen. We did nothing here for three days but enjoy this city of music and flowers. All over are the quiet nooks and rustic seats, where we can sit alone, and listen to music among the trees and rose vines. We felt very sorry to leave the place. The day before leaving we planned an excursion with our American friends to Frieburg, to the Black Forest, and a very enjoyable one it proved. We reached the hotel, half-way up the mountain, at 10 a.m., and started on a walking excursion into the forest after dinner. It was a climbing excursion, we soon found, over rocks and stumps. Through a thick forest we walked four miles; lovely flowers grew everywhere about us. The most beautiful waterfall guided us until we reached an open space, and a Swiss cottage, which we determined to visit. The ground here was covered with forget-me-nots, larger and brighter than ours, and growing in perfect bouquets. But that Swiss cottage was the most wonderful affair; we were taken through by a pleasant little woman. A dingy hall: on one side the living room; directly opposite to this the living room for horse and goat. Upstairs, some miserable beds, covered with straw, were all the dark, comfortless rooms contained. But the attic, or the inhabitants of it, was the most wonderful idea in the whole house; here they kept the pigs, and perhaps their quarters were even more comfortable than those

of the mistress, they had light and room. However, the people themselves seemed happy in spite of poverty, and dirt, and darkness. We felt relieved to breathe fresh air again. We bought some baskets and berries, and quite delighted the inhabitants of the cottage. One of the ladies of our party spoke German nicely, and acted as interpreter for the party. We then followed our waterfall once more, and found going down hill almost as hard as ascending, being inclined to run the whole distance. Sometimes the fall was a tiny stream, sometimes it rushed over rocks a very great height, and in the darkness of the forest seemed wild and lonely. We were a tired party when we once more reached the hotel, and very much enjoyed a refreshing wash before tea, which was served in the open-air dining-room on the sides of the mountain; and perhaps it was hunger, or the grand scenery, but we never enjoyed a meal more than this one. The fresh mountain air and the berries and cream seemed to give us a wonderful appetite. Far away below us was the little Swiss village, quaint and old; on our left we looked into the Black Forest, and over to the mountains and hills on the right. We were amazed at the sights around us, and almost missed our train, and brought the guests of the hotel on to the verandah to see the rate of speed at which we went down hill. The 'bus had gone without us, but we reached Baden-Baden at eleven o'clock, and found the city in darkness; every light seemed to be out, and with difficulty we groped our way back. We found three candles left to light

us upstairs, and a rather cross old man waiting in the hall for us, at this unearthly hour, as I suppose he thought it.

After considering the matter, we have decided to break the journey from here to Paris by staying over at Nancy.

Nancy.—Arrived here last evening at eight, and have not heard one word of English spoken, so that I have to make all arrangements and do the talking. Robert will sometimes talk to porters, half in English and half in French, which seems to amuse them very much. We did not enjoy Nancy, and saw nothing of very great interest.

Paris.—After a whole day's journey we arrived in this whirlpool at five o'clock p.m., and at Madame Teté's Cite du Retiro at six—a quiet private hotel, much patronized by Canadians, and very nicely kept. After dinner we took a walk down the Champs Elysees, where every possible amusement was being carried on—dances, open-air concerts, drinking saloons, bands, brilliantly colored balloons and gas-lights, and the flying to and fro of thousands of people, and of the most giddy crowd I have ever seen together. Carriages were flying on the Place de la Concorde, and horses seeming as though they would almost drop, urged on by heartless drivers. Indeed, a person needs but a short time in Paris to see that those animals are much abused. They and the Brussels dogs are not to be envied.

Our first day in Paris we visited the Louvre, where crowds spend the day shopping, and where every possible article is to be found, and gener-

ally at reasonable prices. I preferred the Bon Marché. In this *magasin* are employed three thousand clerks; the size of the place may be imagined. Anyone is allowed to walk about, or admire things, as they please, no questions being asked, which is very pleasant, as there are so many things to examine which one cannot purchase. The number of fancy articles would bewilder anyone. They have a custom of sending parcels on Sunday morning, which to us seemed very dreadful at first; but Sunday and every day seem to be alike.

There are numerous carriages here, which are so comfortable to drive in, but it takes us quite a time to find a horse looking able to carry us. We do very little walking in such a large city. As we sat down to dinner this evening, we were delighted to meet an old friend from our native city, and were agreeably surprised, as Mr. G. is well acquainted with Paris, having been here many times before.

Next morning we took a long drive from Place Vendome (a statue of Napoleon), passing the new Opera House, the Grand Hotel, and visited the Church of the Madeleine, La Chapelle Expiatoire (built by Louis XVIII.), the Church of St. Augustine, Cathedral Notre Dame, where Napoleon's marriage took place with Maria Theresa—our guide said, where he took his first wrong step. The paintings in this cathedral are beautiful, but in the churches there is a sameness, and all appear rather dingy inside. We next passed the Palace of the Tuilleries, now only a ruin,—the communists destroyed nearly the whole of it. Then the Arc du Triomphe, built by

Napoleon to celebrate his conquests. This finished our first drive, which was an exceedingly pleasant one.

In the evening we walked down the beautiful boulevards, bright with light, and the little beer tables down the street, where merry crowds were enjoying themselves in various ways. We strolled again to the Champs Elysees, an endless source of amusement. Taking another drive next morning, we visited the tomb of Napoleon; the remains were brought here from St. Helena, and laid in a most gorgeous tomb, with his old flags around him. After this we drove to that excellent park, the Bois de Boulogne, full of lovely lakes and cool, shaded walks and drives; pretty cascades, bounding from rock to rock, and surrounded by cool fir trees, and the most romantic walks and seats. It seemed like a dream, to find such a quiet, still spot so near the busy city. We had lunch here, and enjoyed the day thoroughly.

That same night we had a glimpse of fashionable life, when we attended a play in the Grand Opera House, which is most gorgeously fitted up. The corridors are lined with mirrors and handsome crimson velvet hangings, tropical plants, flowers, and beautiful lights. Between the parts this is filled with the most elegantly dressed ladies—dresses of the richest material and of the most showy colors, and diamonds and jewels of the most costly description. One dress I must not forget—a rich ruby plush train, with applique of canary birds and birds of paradise, and front of canary satin and lace, and jewels. Low necked,

and with an excuse for sleeves. An immense bouquet and fan completed this toilet. I might add, a very dark, handsome face made it complete. I shall not attempt to describe any others. They were altogether too gorgeous to do them credit.

Our next drive was to Versailles. We intended going in Cook's Van, but it being filled they provided us with a carriage, and a gentleman and his wife from Australia were with us. We felt we had a much pleasanter drive than those in the van, and we certainly had more room. We passed through the Bois de Boulogne again, and after a lovely drive we reached Versailles at noon. The town is quaint and pretty. It was once a hunting-ground for Henry IV. and Louis XIII. The beauty and richness of the interior of this palace could hardly be described. The staircase is of Italian marble. In Napoleon's room the bed hangings are of gold satin, embroidered in colors, with counterpane to match, and the whole room is beautifully finished in marble. Pale blue seemed to predominate in the rooms which were Josephine's. Those belonging to Marie Antoinette were most interesting, being so old, with dingy looking, low ceilings. Her little sitting-room, dressing-room, library and private staircase are shown here, and the balcony from which she addressed the mob. Afterwards we visited the gardens, fountains, state carriages (seven in all), the one he gave to Josephine to take to Malmaison being a perfect gem of a carriage, lined with pale blue satin embroidered in bright colors. The style in which they must

have lived surpasses all we have ever seen. We spent the whole day here, and when we arrived at our hotel were so tired that we did not venture out again, but wrote our letters.

Sunday morning we promised to go with Mr. G—— to church, and went first to Sunday-school, where about fourteen English children were being taught. At the service there were about forty, the church seeming very empty. The clergyman was a very earnest man, with such a pleasant manner. After lunch our friend Mr. G—— persuaded us to visit the Cemetery Pere la Chaise. We took a car which landed us half way, and looking in vain for a carriage, we determined to walk, and were very thankful when we reached the gate. We could find very little beauty in this cemetery, which is so much thought of. The graves and monuments seem to be packed together in a wonderful manner. We had a beautiful view of Paris from the top of the hill here. We next drove to Hotel Cluny, an old museum dating from the eleventh century, and full of the most antiquated old furniture and every conceivable article. The carving is, I should think, the most wonderful on earth. There were crowds of people in this museum, mostly Americans. We have spent so much time here looking at shops; one could hardly tire of the beautiful walks, and the delightful climate seems to make everything so much brighter. The place of attraction is the flower markets, where they can be had so cheap; also berries, which are so large and so lovely.

We went one evening to the Eden Theatre, where they have a splendid orchestra, composed of fifty-one men. The building is a perfect gem. It is surrounded inside by a garden full of mirrors, which make it look as large again. They have here a ladies' band, between the acts, and we witnessed some of the most wonderful dancing, and afterwards the most comical pantomime. The people certainly go in for a good time, and we seemed to have copied them, for we have never enjoyed ourselves so much anywhere, but I could not fancy living here all the time. I don't think I shall remember half the places we have visited, and our drives and walks in the evenings. I am sorry that I have not written everything down, but it takes so long, and we are tired out every night, so we are just going to say good-bye. I shall not need any journal to remember our trip back to London, by Calais and Dover. Such a rough, stormy time! and everyone so terribly sea-sick; while the rain poured down in torrents, and the little steamer rocked and rolled. Altogether we passed a most dismal time, and reached Dover a very dilapidated crowd of people. We did not venture to rise until safely at the wharf, and the frantic motions of that vessel had ceased—and for days I could feel that motion. The quiet of South Place was the greatest relief, but still the rain poured down, and London was enveloped in a fog. However, we started for Regent Street in the morning, through rain and fog, and tried to enjoy it. Being well provided with waterproofs and umbrellas, we walked around the streets. We received

the very welcome news that my father and my mother with the family were on the way: something we had hoped for, but hardly expected. We were in a high state of delight, and determined to give up our Scottish trip and spend two weeks with them. As their steamer would arrive in a couple of days, we decided to go on to Liverpool and meet them, as we had spent three weeks here before in bright weather. The fog is dreadful! I cannot imagine anything more gloomy looking than London in this weather, but we managed to spend three days in it very nicely. Then we left again for Manchester, and arrived in a down-pour of rain and mist; and as Manchester at the brightest is very dark and dingy, on account of the smoke from the manufactories, it was particularly so this time; our room was so dark that we used the gas in the day-time. Upon the day we arrived we intended both going on to Liverpool, but, in such weather, we thought it best that I should remain alone, and Robert go on, as there were some Canadian friends in the hotel. So he left, expecting to return the same night, but they did not reach Manchester until ten o'clock the following morning, when I was very much delighted to see them all, and they to land, having experienced a rough passage, which, together with the heat, made it quite unpleasant.

We remained four days in this dull spot, while papa and Robert looked up a nice watering-place where we could all board, doing our own marketing, as they generally do here. They found one in South-

port, a very pretty seaport, and not far away. We left in a mist and arrived there in rain as usual, but the weather soon turned and instead of rain we had to do with a very high wind. Our boarding-house overlooked the water and the long promenade, while on the sands below the children find any amount of amusement with spade and shovel. Donkey rides, Punch and Judy shows, bands, and all kinds of performances, are carried on here. We enjoy it very much. We do our own marketing, which is all we have to do with our housekeeping, so that we can have what we please, and the town is so pretty, the bread so good, and a splendid market makes living here very enjoyable. A great many people seem to spend the summer here. In the evening the long promenade is crowded, also the pier. We are close to the salt or fresh water baths. The children never tire of the swimming pond, which is in the same building. While here Robert and I visited Preston and Lytham, where he has some relatives. We were now thinking of our trip to Ireland, where we intended spending a short time before sailing, but had spent such a happy time here that we felt very lonely upon leaving them.

We crossed from Liverpool, and for once had a smooth passage and no sea-sickness. After spending a few hours in Belfast, where it rained again (we drove around, though, and went sight-seeing in spite of it), we took train for a small place called Newton-Butler, where we had friends. We arrived in the evening, our friends meeting us with

a jaunting car, and we drove to the farm through a lovely country road,—the hedges are so pretty,—and reached Mr. R——'s, a stone house on a hill. Here we spent ten days, enjoying ourselves very much. The country is really beautiful, but I couldn't fancy living in it, everything seemed so quiet and at a standstill. I enjoyed the jaunting cars, and am afraid they would not do in our own country, where the roads are so rough; but here they are smooth, and so shaded, driving is a real pleasure, and we had a great deal of it in the country round about. Some of their names are so pretty, and some very hard to pronounce or remember. We had many walks down the road in the evenings; they are so lovely with the hedges on either side, and the trees, some of which are covered with wild ivy.

Dublin.—We had to leave our friends, as our steamer sails now very soon. We are on our way to Queenstown, but have had two pleasant days in this beautiful Irish city. We had many a ride in the jaunting car. Some of the public buildings here are very fine, and the parks are lovely. We found a very comfortable hotel, the Gresham.

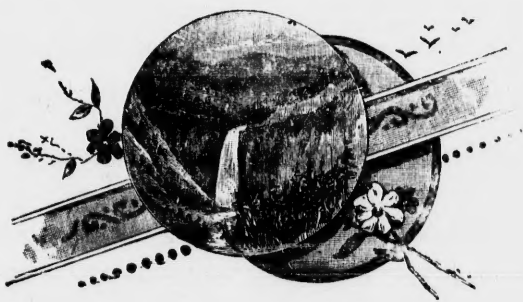
Queenstown.—We reached here to-day at noon, and I am now enjoying the beautiful view from our window and writing at the same time. The sails and the steamers, the high hills about here, and the lovely sunny day, make a picture from this window, but down in the street below there are more beggars than I have seen, taking all together, since we left home, and we cannot go out without being

besieged by them. However, the town is a miserable place. The stores seem to be centuries old. I had a hard time finding some decent candy and fruit to take on the steamer to-morrow. I hardly expect to be sea-sick. I never remember a more perfect day than this is, or a much more beautiful view than we have here of Queenstown harbor. We are just going to climb some of the steep hills to the back of us and see what the suburbs are. To-morrow (Sunday) morning we board our steamer.

Sunday morning the rain poured down in torrents, and with difficulty we picked our way through the mud to the tug, which was to take us to the *Alaska*. The rocking had commenced, and I could not stand the close cabin, but preferred the deck in the pouring rain. Some of the emigrants made great wail over leaving Ireland. They seemed to have taken their beds and walked, as every one of them carried one, and few had umbrellas or any protection from the rain. I lent one to a poor woman who was crying and hanging on to a feather bed, and never saw it again, but I am sure it was useful on that day. I was sea-sick again, but only for a short time, and enjoyed the coming home much more than going. My great trouble is in going to meals. I prefer having them on deck, and a great many more seemed to be of the same mind. We had on board Clara Louise Kellogg and Madame Rossini, a French actress, besides other musicians, so that we were entertained and had two very good concerts. I omitted to say that



we heard Mdle. Neilson in old London, in Albert Hall, and on the Continent, Madame Patti. We reached New York on a bright Sunday morning, and after an hour spent with Customs' officers we drove to Park Avenue, our favorite hotel, and it seemed more pleasant than ever after leaving the steamer. We remained until the next evening, and enjoyed a drive through Central Park in the afternoon. We left about nine o'clock p.m. and reached home the following evening, our London seeming very small after its namesake, but we were glad to see it; and though having enjoyed being from home for a time, we were delighted to see it again, and with many happy memories of our Summer Holiday to make it pleasanter. I am only sorry I have not written everything, but glad I have even so much to read of our trip, as it will give us pleasure in years to come.



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